

SANTO DOMINGO.

A hideous crime, the assassination of the President of Santo Domingo, occurs at an inopportune moment for this country, should it lead to another uprising in the island republic so menacing as to call for active interference by the United States. American interests in the island, it is well known, are important and the protection of these interests, should they be imperilled by the confusion into which the affairs of the republic are cast by the killing of President Ulysses Heureaux, may impose upon this country the unhappy necessity of intervention. Should this occur, we shall look upon it as a real misfortune, particularly at the present juncture, when the nation is suffering from an epidemic of expansion, and the fit is on us to throw the aegis of this country over one more of the hapless islands, always ripe for revolution, in the Antilles. Santo Domingo, or Haiti, as perhaps it should be called, has had from the earliest occupation by the Spanish an ill starred history. At first it was a dumping ground for slaves, then it became the prey of buccaneers, and in the stormy days of the French Revolution it made for itself an ill reputation for color revolt, massacre, and insurrectionary violence. The factions that internal strife gave rise to were naturally hostile to peace, and since the days of Toussaint l'Ouverture and the later Dominican Republic the dual island has been the theater of almost continuous warring and bloodshed. The present crisis may possibly revive the annexation sentiment in the United States which President Grant encouraged and which today is unhappily rife in many sections of the Union. That it will be opposed, as it was in Grant's day, as an unwise departure from the best traditions of the Commonwealth, we should like to believe, if intelligence and character and common sense have not utterly gone from among us. In the general interest of civilization it may be there is a mission in these islands for the active agency of a higher race; doubtless there is; but there are other ways of exerting the influence of a dominant race upon communities devoid of any political idea than by the hazardous expedient of annexation and the taking up and quixotically bearing to them "the white man's burden."

CATALOGUE OF ITALY'S DEMANDS ON CHINA.

PEKING, August 27th.—The following are said to be the gist of the demands presented by Italy on the Chinese Government:

- (1) The construction of a rail way between Che-kiang and Chin-kiang.
- (2) The working of certain mines in Canton and Ning-po.
- (3) The creation of an Italian course in the Peking University.
- (4) The developing of the Si-san coal mine and the construction of a railway connected therewith.—Tokio Asahi.

The politician is my shepherd; I shall not want any good thing during the campaign. He leadeth me in the saloon for my vote's sake; he filleth my pockets with good cigars; my glass of beer runneth over. He prepareth my ticket for me in the presence of my better judgment. Yes though I walk through the mud and rain to vote for him and shout myself hoarse, when he is elected straightway he forgetteth me; lo, when I meet him in his own office, he knoweth me not. Surely the wool has been pulled over mine eyes all the days of my life, and I will kick myself forever.—Age of Reason.

OUTWITTING ROTHSCHILD.

The Scheme a Shrewd Dealer Worked on the Astute Banker.

A amusing story, told in the "Memoires of an Old Collector," makes clear the tricks in trade to which an unscrupulous dealer in antiquities will resort in order to get a large sum for his wares. The two parties were Alessandro Castellani, the clever dealer, and Baron Adolph Rothschild of Paris.

Castellani had managed to get hold of a superb enameled ewer, together with the dish on which it stood. He knew that Baron Adolph had a fancy for objects of this kind, but he also knew that no Rothschild was ever so carried away by his fancy as to pay more than was reasonable for anything that pleased him. Castellani, who in trade was what Machiavelli was in politics, devised a bit of strategy.

The baron, on arriving in Rome, visited Castellani's shop and was shown the best things the dealer had, except the enameled dish and ewer. When everything else had been inspected, Castellani drew from a hidden cupboard the dish, but not the ewer. The baron was so pleased with the dish that he agreed to buy the lot of which it was a part, for one of the customs of the shop was not to sell a rare specimen apart from the group of which it formed the principle object. The baron paid heavily for the whole lamenting that there was no ewer to stand on the dish, and departed for Florence.

There he was visited by an agent who told him of an old lady who wished to sell several beautiful majolica pieces. He visited her house in the country and was disappointed, as the majolica lady, seemingly chagrined, left the room to order refreshments, and the baron saw through the open door of a bedroom a ewer covered by a glass shade on which rested a wreath of immortelles.

When the lady returned, the baron asked permission to examine the ewer. It was brought out, and the baron saw that the enamel was of the same work as that of the dish he had bought, but he wished to be certain that the foot of the ewer would fit into the hollow of the dish. He inquired the price of the ewer and was told by the lady that it was not for sale, as it was the only souvenir she possessed of her husband.

The baron went back to his rooms, had the dish unpacked and found that the foot of the ewer fitted it perfectly. The next day the baron sent the agent to offer the old lady a princely sum for the ewer. He brought back a refusal to sell. But at last the widow's scruples were overcome.

Castellani, with his Italian cunning, had planned the whole affair. The agent who called and the old lady who was sent to sell were his aids in making the baron pay a much larger sum than he would have given had ewer and dish been sold together. The Italian shopman's scheme had taken in the Jewish banker, reputed one of the most astute of business men.

A CIPHER WITHOUT A RIM.

"Do you believe in the transmigration of souls?" asked her husband.

"I do," she replied firmly.

He laughed jeeringly.

"You do, do you?" he said. "I suppose you know all about it, eh? Maybe you'll tell me what I was before I took my present body and married you?"

"I don't know," she said, hesitatingly. "I don't know, but I think that you were the middle part of a doughnut."—Chicago Tribune.

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